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Shannon, and, (Christ save us and keep us!) what do you think, Sir, but the river Shannon was dhry! So, of coorse, when the king heerd the word that the Shannon was gone dhry, it wint to his heart; and he thought o' the bishop's curse an him—and, givin' one murtherin' big *screech*, that split the walls of the palace, as may be seen to this day, he died, Sir—makin' the bishop's words good, that '*he would die of drooth yit!*'

"An' now, Sir," said my historian, with a look of lurking humour in his dark gray eye, "isn't that mighty wondherful—*iv it's thrue?*"

SONNET.—THE HILL OF ST. PATRICK.*

There is a moment of intense delight
 When, standing on the scene of some great deed,
 We mark where human intellect for right
 Hath triumphed—as at bloodless Runnymede;
 Or, where the victim Spartans rushed to fight,
 Self-sacrificed, that Hellas might be freed;
 Or in the halls with Raffaele's soul still bright;
 Or Chatham's tomb, by senate-kings decreed.
 In such a mood, on this bold height I stand,
 Where first the holy pilgrim, Patrick, trod;
 And, as he gazed round on the glorious land,
 Like Pisgah's seer, stirred by the inward God,
 With the deep weight of prophecy oppressed,
 Looked forth and blessed the land—and it was blessed!

A. de V.

* This mountain, commonly called Knock-Patrick, is situated in the western district of the county of Limerick. Its base is washed by the Shannon, whose magnificent course for a distance of thirty miles, is visible from the summit: here, it is said, St. Patrick first landed: an ancient chapel and burial place are still in existence on the highest point of the hill; while one of the most celebrated of the "holy wells," called Barragowan, lies in the plain below. The peasantry ascribe great virtues to its waters.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

He was a young enthusiast—he would gaze,
 For hours upon the face of the night-heaven—
 To watch the silent stars, or brighter moon,
 Moving in her unearthly loveliness,
 And dream of worlds of bliss for pure souls hid
 In their fair orbs.—At other times he lov'd
 To listen to the mountain torrent's roar;
 To look on nature in her many forms,
 And sympathize with all; to hold sweet converse
 In secret with the genius of the stream,
 The fountain, or the forest; and to pour
 His rapture forth in some fond gush of song,
 For the bright gift of poetry was his;
 And in lone walks, and sweetly pensive musings,
 He would create new worlds and people them
 With fond hearts, and sweet sounds, and sights of beauty.
 He had been gifted, too, with sterner powers—
 Even while a child he laid his daring hand
 On Science golden key, and ere the tastes
 Or sports of boyhood yet had passed away,
 Oft would he hold communion with the mind
 Of Newton, and with awed enthusiasm learn
 The eternal laws which bind the universe,
 And which the stars obey.—As years rolled on,
 Those high aspirings visited his soul,
 Which genius ever breathes—he longed to leave
 Some great memorial of himself, which might
 Win for him an imperishable name.